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VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

NUMBER 46.

POETRY.

"LOOK AT HOME."

Should you feel inclined to console
Faints you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly words be broken,
Father strive a friend to gain;
May a word in anger spoken
Find its passage back a pain.
Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Tattle with a brother's fancies;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not turn opinions lightly,
Hastiness to trouble leads;
Those of whom we've thought kindly
Of, be kind to our warm friends.

STORY-TELLER.

BROTHER PHIL.

(A STORY FOR NEGLECTED HUSBANDS.)

Edith Forrest lifted a pair of pretty
blue eyes to her husband's face—pre-
tly, soft eyes, with wistfulness all among
their velvety shadows.

"It is so long since, an evening,
Harry! Please stay at home to-night or
take me with you for a change, dear!"

"Mr. Forrest smiled in a very superi-
or way, a sort of patronizing,
indignant way, as though it was the
height of absurd womanish folly for
Edith to have made the remark."

"That is nonsense, Edith. You
know perfectly well how ridiculously
impossible it is for me to be always at
home, or take you out somewhere.
You must remember that because a
man is married he does not expect
never to be anywhere but where his
wife is—like she is the sweetest, pretti-
est little girl in the world!"

"He bent forward to kiss her, and
Edith smiled—a suspicious tear-fla-
vored smile it was, however.

"But I do get so tired of staying so
much by myself, Harry. I am almost
a stranger in London, and I am sure
there are only two ladies in the house
whom I know, and I don't like to be
always running to their rooms. Harry
—really I did not think you would get
tired of my society so soon. It
hasn't been three months yet since we
were married—and!"

And little Mrs. Forrest's sobs and
tears overcame her entirely, and Har-
ry's face grew vexed and stern.

"You are romancing, Edith. You
know perfectly well I have never
thought of such a thing, and I do not
want to see such childishness on your
part."

And, to further enforce his assump-
tion of manly dignity, Mr. Harry For-
rest walked out and shut the door after
him very emphatically.

Then, of course, Edith's tears came
in good earnest.

"It's too bad, too bad! Harry is get-
ting tired of my society, I know he is,
and I wish—I wish—I had never mar-
ried and left home, where everything
was so gay and pleasant, and there
were long, lonely evenings. Oh—
dear."

It wasn't a very good thing for Edith
to be thinking—this regret for a life
which, undeniably pleasant though it
was, had never been so beautiful and
glorified until Harry's love came to
her. But it was pitifully true that her
husband's neglect of her, of late had
more than once made such thoughts,
more than once had brought hot tears
of wounded pain and regret to the
blue eyes that other young men, than
Harry Forrest had thought worth their
while to have smile in theirs; and
Edith was certainly very lonely.

The great, fashionable boarding-
house to which Harry had brought her,
and installed her in one of its most el-
egant rooms, was not such a home as
she had been accustomed to, where ev-
erything was gay and cheerful and
lively.

The boarders were, of course, utter
strangers and haughtily exclusive.
Edith was reserved and shrinking,
and, with the exception of Mrs. This-
le, a gentle little widow, who was al-
most as shy as herself, and Mrs.
Worthington, who was jolly and gay
as she could be, little Mrs. Forrest had
not an acquaintance in all the city.

"It's too bad," she sobbed bitterly,
as she lay on the little crimson silk

couche, with her face all tear-flushed
and her rose-bud mouth quivering. "I
can almost see them at home now—
Lucy and Jennie, and Sil, and the par-
lor lighted up, and perhaps Howard
singing one of his lovey-dovey solos to
Sue's accompaniment, and Frank Mor-
rison will come in, and they'll have a
delicious waltz, and then Phil will
speak of me—dear, darling old Phil!
He always thought more of me than
any one else ever did—even Harry
Forrest! I wish I hadn't ever married
him, and then!"

There was a little expression of dis-
content and indignation coming on
her lips—memories that would not
bear comparison with her present gild-
ed loneliness called them, and it wasn't
a good sight to see on a pretty mar-
ried woman's face.

For an hour after Harry had gone
out Edith lay on the couch, all sorts
of thoughts running riot in her brain,
until they were dissipated sharply by
a rap on her door, and a card that
sent all expression out of her face and
eyes, except surprise, that, quickly
changed into an excitement of delight.

"Tell the gentleman I will be down
in a moment," she said to the servant.
Then she flew to the dressing-mir-
ror, and saw that she was in a pre-
sented condition, and then went
down stairs with a smile and three un-
spoken words on her lips:

"Dear old Phil!"

Three weeks later Mr. Forrest came
in, somewhat unexpectedly—just in
time to see Edith standing by the win-
dow looking out at a gentleman
driving by in a carriage—a handsome,
dashing-looking fellow, with bold black
eyes and drooping mustache—just in
time to see the sparkle in his wife's
eyes and the heightened color on her
cheeks.

"Well, who is he?"

He asked the question, so suddenly
that Edith gave a little cry of surprise.

"Ah, Harry, I didn't know you were
here! How you startled me!"

"Doubtless! But that doesn't ex-
plain why you were kissing your hand
to—whom?"

The blush on her cheeks deepened
till her face was scarlet.

"To—is—a friend—a acquaintance of
mine," she stammered.

He looked angrily at her—angrily,
with a faint sense of pain mingled
with the anger.

"An acquaintance! Since when,
please? Edith, do you know you are
doing a terrible risky thing in answer-
ing any salutes from bold, fast men
who, in driving by, may have been fac-
inated by your pretty face? Edith I
won't ask you any more questions, but
I insist upon your obeying me in
keeping away from those windows."

And for the first time in their lives
they sat down to dinner with a cloud
between them.

"I don't care," Edith said to her-
self. "If Phil is kinder to me than
Harry is, I'll like him best, that's all.
He wouldn't leave me alone as Harry
does, and this very night we are go-
ing to drive to the park, if the moon
is bright."

And when Mr. Forrest came in that
evening, about ten o'clock he was again
fortunately just in time to catch the
black-eyed, black-mustached fellow go-
ing down the front steps to the chaise
waiting at the door, and just in time
to find Edith folding away her jacket.
But he said nothing.

His whole soul was beginning to be
on fire with fury and jealousy, and he
found it remarkably easy to stay at
home when Edith was so winningly
sweet and charming that he wondered
whether or not she meant it or was only
trying to cheat him into a disbelief
of her recklessness.

But Edith's curious conduct—times
when she was almost extravagantly
gay, times when she was dull, pale and
sad—were on him.

She never asked him to stay at home
in the evening now—of course she
preferred to have him out of the way,
so as to have her own good time
with her—"friend," Harry said to him-
self, ironically, for in his heart of hearts
he could not bring himself to say "lov-
er."

His faith in his wife was too strong
to admit a doubt of aught beyond in-

discretion, and yet he was agonizingly
jealous.

Then one evening, the climax came,
when Harry went home to dinner half
an hour earlier, and found Edith read-
ing a note, which she tore in fragments
the instant he crossed the door-sill—
tore and threw it into the fire with
flushed face and startled action.

"Mrs. Worthington wants me to go
to her room to-night. I suppose you
will be going out, Harry?"

He knew she was telling what was
not so.

"Yes, I am going out to the club."

In his heart he hated himself for the
falsehood he told, for he knew he had
made up his mind to watch his wife
that night and see if his jealousy were
warranted or not.

Edith's cheeks glowed and her eyes
sparkled, and she seemed in a state of
delicious excitement at dinner.

Then she dressed in a becoming toil-
et of black silk, with filmy lace at
wrists and throat, and rich jewelry—
rather elaborate for a late-actress with
Mrs. Worthington, Harry thought, as
she smiled bitterly behind his "newspe-
per."

He purposely prolonged his stay half
an hour beyond his usual time, and
then was vexed that Edith should show
no signs of perturbation.

"She's already so vexed in deceit that
she can control her fear and impa-
tience."

Finally he put on his overcoat, hat
and gloves, and went out to take up
his position on the opposite side of the
street, where he commanded the doors
and windows, and ten minutes after-
wards a tall, black-mustached gentle-
man drove up and rang the bell, and
in a moment more his wife—his sweet,
beloved Edith, whom he never loved
so well as at this moment of her falsity—
his wife came down, and the two
were driven away.

It was the work of a moment to hail
a passing cab, and the chase began, and
ended at the door of Exeter Hall, and
Harry bought his ticket and took his
seat as near as he could get to Edith
and her—"friend."

It was a pale haggard face that
watched them all that evening, and a
pair of eyes that were pitifully pained
and indignant and passionate as he
noted how perfectly happy the two
were—how Edith, whose sweet reserve
and shyness had been one of her great-
est charms to him—how Edith was so
in her manner to him, and how admir-
ably the gentleman returned her pre-
tly little familiarities.

It was an hour of torture to him.

He sat there remembering all the
times he had neglected Edith—how
she had so coaxingly asked him to
"stay at home," or "take her."

He realized, as he had never done
before, what a sudden and great
change it had been to her to leave her
at home when she had such a large fam-
ily of brothers and sisters, and conse-
quently a great deal of young company.

He began to appreciate how care-
less he had been of the happiness in-
trusted to his keeping.

"Great God! What if that negligent
carelessness should result in—"

He dared not think of it.

He sat there repentant, indignant,
jealous, remorseful, ready to fly at
that handsome, dashing fellow, who
assumed such an air of proprietorship
over his foolish, silly little wife—the
lovely little girl who, not having her
husband's society, had sought com-
panionship elsewhere.

He never heard a chord of the di-
vine melodies—he never heeded the
storms of applause.

All he heard, all he saw was Edith's
occasional low laugh, her beautiful
flushed face as she turned her profile
towards him.

Then the performance was over.

He followed them closely as he
dared until he saw them take the car-
riage, and then the second chase be-
gan that ended—at the door of their
house, and then, from inside his own cab,
he saw the black mustache sweep across
Edith's mouth—and he heard her low,
sweet good night.

"And, Phil, don't forget to drive to
the park to-morrow—at 5 to-morrow."

"Phil! Phil!"

It had come to the permitted fam-
ilarity of names, had it?

And Harry thought as he dismissed
his cab and ran up stairs, two steps at
a time, that if ever a man had just
cause to shoot another he had.

Edith stood before her dressing-
case, slowly drawing off her gloves,
when he dashed in, pale and wrathful.

"What does this mean? Where
have you been?"

"If he thought to confront her in a
falsehood he was mistaken.

She flushed crimson, but answered
promptly:

"I have been to Exeter Hall. Have
I committed an unpardonable sin?"

"You have done the next thing to
it. Who is that—that man with whom
you dared to go? Do you know that
you have run the risk of losing your
character—you, a married woman, go-
ing to a place of public entertainment
with a man who is almost a stranger
to you? Edith, have you any idea
what you have done?"

She turned her face, pale enough
now, to him.

"Harry, have you any idea what you
have done? Night after night I have
stayed here by myself until I wonder
I did not run away and go home. I
begged you to stay, or let me
go, sometimes not always—and you
laughed at me. And when I found
some one who paid me the attention
you should have done, you talk to me
this way! I will tell you, honestly,
the gentleman who took me is very,
very dear to me. I love him! There!
And if you won't be good to me, he
will."

Forrest stood dumfounded.

"Great God! Edith, do you know
what you say? Oh, Edith, wife, are
you mad that you dare speak such aw-
ful words? You love him!"

He staggered to a chair, pale as
death. This, then, was the end of all.

"Harry, Harry, darling, I do love
him, but not as I do you! He is my
brother Phil, Harry—the one you never
saw. He came here several weeks
ago, and we planned it all—to make
you love me more, dear."

And the lesson had its effect, for
Harry Forrest knows what agony of
mind he suffered when he feared the
worst. And he realizes that it might
all have been as he feared.

ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING
TO HIS POLLY.

Let me tell a Dutch story right here,
because it comes from a Dutchman in
the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and
must be a true story. This Dutchman
was never ashamed of his religion. In
his neighborhood there was a skeptic
who said, "You can't believe anything
you can't understand," and so some of
the better class of people asked the
Dutchman if he would not have a con-
versation with him. He said, "Yes, if
you think best."

"Have you any objec-
tions to the neighbors coming in?"
"No, must as you think best." So they
made an appointment and everybody
was there. The old gentleman came
in and laid by his hat and was intro-
duced to the skeptic, and he began
suddenly by saying—"Well now, look
here, I please the Bible—what you
pleads?" Said he—"I don't believe
anything I can't understand." "Oh,
you must be one very smart man. I
was mighty glad I met you. I ask
you some questions. The other day
I was riding along the road and I met
your dog, and that dog he had von of
his ears stand up in this way and the
other one he stand down so. Now, ry
was dat?" Now, that was very unhandy
just then, very unhandy. He either
had to prove that the dog did not have
one ear standing up, or else say he did
not believe it. So he said, "I don't know."
"Oh, then you are not so very smart
after all. I ask you another question.
I saw in John Smith's clover patch,
the clover came up so nice, and I look-
ed over into the fields and there was
John Smith's pigs; and dere come out
hair on dere packs; and in the very
same clover patch vas his sheep, and
dere come out wool on dere packs.
Now ry vas dat?" Now, that was as
bad as the other, because the same
perplexity arose. He had to prove
there was wool on the back of the pig
or hair on the back of the sheep; and
he couldn't tell why, and, therefore,
he had no business to believe it. Fi-

nally he said:—"I don't know." "Well,
he said, 'you are not half so smart as
you think you are. Now I ask you
another question. Do you please dere
is a God?' "To, I don't believe any
such nonsense." "Oh, yes, I hear
about you long ago. I know all about
you. My Bible knows about you, for
in my Bible he say:—'The fool says
in his heart there is no God,' but you
big fool, you blab it right out."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, Nov. 13th, 1877.

LIFE IN THE CAPITAL—MOURNING FOR
THE DEAD—REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF
INVENTIONS—UNITED STATES LEADS EV-
ERY NATION—ENGLAND WANTS 100,
000,000 BUSSELS OF WHEAT—BALANCE
OF TRADE \$250,000,000 IN OUR FAVOR—
PROSPEROUS TIMES FOR YEARS TO COME.

Life in this busy Capital is unlike
that found anywhere else. This is true
in a marked degree during the winter
season, full of its gaieties, its levees
and receptions. People do not live in
Washington—they are staying merely;
gathering all that is bright, joyous or
exciting in life at the nation's metrop-
olis. Thither come the wealthy and the
gay, the modest retiring widow, the
beautiful and accomplished maid, the
gallant, well-attired bachelor, and the
promising self-poised young man. In
such a gathering amid all the excite-
ment incident to the meetings of Con-
gress, and the disturbing and discordant
views of man representing varied and
diverse interests—society is a whirl of
bustle, gaiety and pleasure. But hush—
long expectant there comes a sombre
shadow, an air of stillness steals into
every household and casts a cloud of
sorrow over every heart. The people
mourn the loss of one of her sons, who
will be remembered as a man true to
his convictions of duty in every pub-
lic trial. Republicans and Democrats,
men of all classes forget their political
differences and unite in common sym-
pathy with the nation in mourning the
death of Senator Morton.

The genius developed at the Centen-
nial by our country, was a marvel to
the people of all lands, and the eyes
of the civilized world are now looking
towards this nation as the great man-
ufacturing and producing area of the
globe. God made man, and gave him
dominion over all the earth, and through
the sluggish years of development
down the centuries, the progress of
invention is clouded in mystery, and
the discovery of the arts made by the
ancients have many of them passed be-
yond the bounds of the known into the
oblivion of forgetfulness. Skill and
industry, with protection to the pro-
ducers of new inventions, was an idea
planted in our body politic by the sa-
gacious Jefferson, and the act of 1790
was the beginning of our Patent sys-
tem.

Jefferson for years gave his per-
sonal attention to every application,
and the granting of a patent was sig-
nified as a great event. The Secre-
tary of War, Secretary of State and
Attorney General were a tribunal to
examine applications. This ordeal was
so severe that the first year but three
patents were granted. 67 were issued in
three years up to 1793. Patents ran
for 14 years, with no extension. The
cost of securing a patent was \$3.80.

In 1793 a new Act made changes in
mode of application, gave aliens cer-
tain rights, and provided for hearings
in interferences. In 1810 Congress
authorized the appointment of "The
Keeper of Patents," appropriated \$20,
000 for a building, and in 1812 \$9,553,
91 for its repair.

The office was located on the site of
the present Post-office Department
from 1812 to 1836, when it was de-
stroyed by fire, together with all the
records except one volume from the
library. The total number of patents
granted from 1790 to 1836 was 11,345,
the fees amounted to \$156,907.78.

From January 1, 1837 to September
30, 1877, 41 years, 192,332 patents
were issued, and \$1,099,940.41, was
placed to the credit of the patent fund
as fees. The business is on the in-
crease over year. The building is now
covered with a temporary roof, and the
loss by fire, will in no way affect or
check the spirit of invention, nor does
it now in the least interfere with the
business of the Patent Office. This is
the great inventive field of the world.

IDENT.

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About 200,000 Patents have been grant-
ed in the United States; 100,000 in
Great Britain; 60,000 in France and
12,000 in all other lands. This coun-
try owes much of its development to
the fostering care of the government,
under a judicious Patent System, now
acknowledged to be the best among
civilized nations. The farmers in our
country have a brilliant future in store;
England alone will require this year
100,000,000 bushels of wheat besides
the products from her own dominions.
The decline of the export trade from
the British Dominions to the United
States is causing great alarm to our
friends across the water. In 1865 En-
gland imported from the United States
\$84,700,000 and exported to us \$122,
000,000, a balance of trade against us
of \$37,000,000. In 1876 she imported
from this country goods valued at
\$307,352,000, while her exports thither
were only \$98,000,000, a balance of
trade in favor of our own country of
\$209,352,000. This indicates that the
United States are hereafter to furnish
all lands with necessities and luxu-
ries. FAX.

DISTURBING THE SLUMBERS OF
THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Two women of the "soiled dove"
stripe arrived in this city, a short time
ago, and took rooms near the depot.
Their business becoming known, com-
plaints were made by their neighbors
and they were compelled to leave. Last
week City Marshal Parker was noti-
fied that they had taken up their abode

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

GOING'S ON AT NEW YORK.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After waiting for some time I have at length the pleasure of obtaining quite a budget of news for the readers of the JOURNAL.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 20th, the Fanwood Literary Association discussed the question, "Which is the best, brick or frame houses?" Though the question was comparatively insipid, the discussion brought out a number of good points and aired the merits and demerits of both classes of buildings. The question being put, the result was 98 votes for frame and 48 for brick houses.

Several of the famous athletic clubs of New York have from time to time, this fall, held series of athletic games at Mott Haven, the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, about two miles from the Institution. Several of our boys were there at different times, and, as might have been expected, were filled with admiration for the knotty muscles and supple forms of the young athletes they saw.

The feats of strength and agility performed there for a long time were the subject of much discussion among them, and, at last, the High Class boys, as ever ahead, formed an athletic club. This club was organized on Tuesday, Oct. 23, with the following officers: Jonathan H. Eddy, President; Thomas F. Fox, Secretary; Chester Q. Mann, Treasurer. This club has the pick of the best boys in the Institution. Among its members are the best runners, walkers, swimmers, rowers and jumpers in the Institution, and you will find the name of Stephen Sinclair, the champion swimmer, on the roll. Some of them can walk a mile in eight minutes, and do the 100 yards dash in eleven seconds. Some can clear over 10 feet at a standing broad jump, and 17 feet at a running broad jump, which are pretty good feats for beginners. They have purchased one of Laffin's Rowing Apparatus, the best apparatus of its kind now to be had, so that when the boat is housed they will not miss it much.

Thursday, Oct. 25, we went to the American Institute Fair. For many days previously, the officers, teachers, and every one that was likely to know were plying with questions as to when this much-wished-for event would come off, and you can imagine how glad they were when the time came. We started off at eight in the morning, and a two mile walk down the "Boulevard" brought us to 125th street. About 9 o'clock, half a dozen special cars that had been ordered for us came along, and we were shoved in, 60 or 70 of us, to the car and spun off for our destination, arriving there about 10. The fair presented much the same appearance as in former years, with the usual number of new things, which had come on to take the places of those we had seen before.

The Art Gallery was not quite so fine as it used to be, but a lot of fine "Roger's Groups" fully made up for the small number of pictures. We saw the telephone there, which may appear a treat to our readers, though there did not seem anything so uncommon about it. The speaking end of the instrument, as we saw it, looked like an ordinary speaking tube in the wall, and the hearing end like a pair of small drum bells both mounted on black walnut slabs, but like many people you have seen, there was no more in them than appeared at first sight. The machinery was much the same as before excepting the new invention which I have no time to describe. The display of cutlery, groceries, furniture and dry goods was very fine. They had a cider mill of a new kind at work there, and, wishing to refresh our memories on the time when we were farm boys, we took a draught, and found it tolerably good. About two o'clock in the afternoon when we were beginning to tire of strolling around, the drum beat called us together, and forming in a line we marched out of the fair into the horse cars again, and were whisked away homeward. We got to 25th street a little after three, and walked up home on the even, gently ascending bosom of the Boulevard. That evening the boys and girls met in the great sitting-room of the latter to play, or, if too tired, to sit and chat about the many new things they had seen that day.

The latter part of last week we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Job Turner among us. He stayed only over night, but we think was a pleasant visitor.

Last Saturday evening, the 3d, Mr. W. G. Jones favored the Fanwood Literary Association, with the story of "The Ticket-of-leave Man." From half past seven, when he took the platform, till ten, he, by his inimitable style, and vivid and graceful pantomime riveted our eyes, and then we went to bed to dream of sharp detectives, wicked men and angelic women.

Some of the more advanced members of the High Class, are just now learning practical photography. Ah! now you can learn anything here, from mending your shoes to weighing a comet. Modern improvement, you see.

One of the events of the season is the issue from press of "My Journal," or, "How I spent my Vacation," by Jeremiah W. Conklin, our oldest teacher, and "boss" fisherman, otherwise known as "Uncle Jerry." This remarkable book contains a fascinating account of the adventures of its author while he was resting from his labors, last summer, in Babylon. To read his thrilling escapes from sharks and other big fish, when he came very near fol-

lowing the example of Jonah of old, one would fain believe that the author had mistaken his calling. He should have been a book-writer and gone fishing with Emerson, Carlyle, or Longfellow, instead of wasting his precious brain power on a lot of wild coit like the boys here.

It is expected that there will be a pantomimic entertainment given under the management of the Fanwood Literary Association about the last of this month, the proceeds of which will go to the Stereopticon Fund. Mr. W. G. Jones is expected to take a leading part in it.

From time to time principals of other institutions have honored us with visits, but never before this time, with in our remembrance, have we had the pleasure of seeing five of them together here, and those, too, the very foremost of the profession.

On Wednesday, Nov. 7th, the executive committee of the convention of teachers, also in charge of the American Annals, paid us a visit. It comprised besides Dr. Peet, Dr. Edward H. Gallaudet, of Washington; Dr. W. J. Palmer, of Belleville; Dr. Thomas MacIntyre, of Indianapolis; Indiana; and Dr. E. C. Stone, of Hartford. Most of their time on Wednesday was occupied in business and looking over the Institution. In the evening the stereopticon was brought out, and by a lot of beautiful pictures they were shown how the thing was done. Thursday morning, the 8th, all the pupils were assembled in the chapel to meet the committee, all of whom were there except Dr. Gallaudet who had been obliged to leave on business the night before. Dr. Peet gave us our morning text, and then introduced us to the gentlemen. He felt very proud to have Dr. Palmer with him, for the Dr. was a noted companion of great men and since he had now the honor of his company it showed that he, Dr. Peet, was a great man. And he told us about the beautiful institution in Belleville where the teachers convention was held four years ago. The gentlemen were then invited to say something. Dr. Palmer responded first. He expressed pleasure at seeing so many of us looking so happy, and remarked that he had hardly half as many in his own institution. He said that when any one came to see him in Belleville, he always unfurled his flag, but he had been unable to find any here since he came. Here Dr. Peet replied that in a free country, we did not have to keep our flags hanging up all the time, and that the unfurling of the flag in Belleville was an emblem of its being under the rule of England. Dr. Palmer went on to say that he was born and raised a southern man, in North Carolina, the Old Star State, that when he removed to Canada he had been unable to shake the tar off from his coat tails, and it had stuck to him all the way there. He thought we had a very mistaken idea of Canada; his southern friends often asked him how he could stand it in such a icy region where they had snow nearly all the year around; but he said though they did have snow for four months out of twelve, it only made the hearts of its people the warmer. He found it very pleasant living there, and liked the Queen because she was a good, kind woman. The pupils appreciated his remarks, as was shown by their applause when he was done. Dr. MacIntyre next took the platform. He gave some interesting reminiscences of the earlier stage of deaf-mute education in the west and south, many years ago, when he bore a prominent part. The pupils also applauded him. Then Dr. Peet said he had made a grievous blunder by thinking that the unfurling of the flag in Belleville showed that Dr. Palmer was in subjection to the Queen, when in fact it was a sign of welcome. He begged Dr. Palmer to excuse his former remarks on that point, for, he said, Dr. Palmer might give it to him in return when he had occasion to visit Belleville. Dr. Palmer acquiesced, and said he would harbor no malice against him. The exercises were then closed by a prayer by Dr. MacIntyre, and then the pupils dispersed to their school-rooms and shops. All of our distinguished guests left in the course of the day.

The next convention of instructors of the deaf and dumb, it is announced, will be held in Columbus, Ohio, next summer.

Verily "coming events cast their shadows before." Our Lord Chesterfield and our Humpty Dumpty are going to be married, the first about New Years, and the latter near the end of the term. It will be a sad loss to us bachelors.

Milo.
Washington Heights, N. Y., Nov. 9, '77.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, the president of our deaf-mute society here, could not come here Saturday, the 27th ult., to preach to us on Sunday forenoon, on account of his little boy's sickness, so Mr. Joseph O. Sanger, a deaf-mute, of Westborough, Mass., preached for him. He did very well.

Mr. Sanger went to the Hartford Asylum in 1836, and remained there four years. He is a farmer by occupation, and has two smart daughters who can hear. One of them is teaching, and the other contemplates teaching soon.

Mr. Charles Knight, a member of the Massachusetts Deaf-mute Christian Union, is to deliver a lecture before the Worcester mutes, Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. It is hoped that his lecture will be a success.

We have had lots of rain this week, so now we have plenty of water. The weather is quite cool.

DANIEL W. CARY.
Worcester, Mass., Nov. 3, 1877.

REPENTED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please put this article in your most excellent paper.

Several years ago there was a young man who went down to the country with his mother and sister. He enjoyed himself very much down there. He went out fishing and boating, and in fact had every pleasure a town boy could wish for in the country.

But one day a serious accident happened to him. A number of young men, all friends of his, asked him to go out one fine day for a swim. His mother heard of it and told him not to go as the river was very deep and dangerous, but instead of taking his kind, affectionate mother's advice, he only laughed at her and went with his friends. His sister ran down to the boat and did her best to persuade him to return. Instead of coming back like a good obedient boy, he turned and told her to mind her own business and not to bother him with such nonsense. Now that was very wrong, and God soon punished him for it. They started, all in high spirits, anticipating what great fun they would have in the water, and went to the bathing place. This young man's companions asked him if he could swim. He said yes, very good. So they all undressed and jumped from the boat into the water. But he waited till the last, as he was unable to swim, and was afraid to go in. One of his friends began to make fun of him: so to show off, he jumped in without stopping to think, and did not expect the water to come above his waist or arm pits; but instead of being only three or four feet deep, it was a deep hole and he began to go down, down, down, but could not reach bottom. At last he came up, but came up under the boat and it confused him. Consequently he began to sink again, and he knew that he was drowning and would soon appear before an angry God. Then he thought of all his wicked sins—how he had disobeyed his mother and sister. Oh how he wished he had taken his kind loving mother's and sister's advice and stayed at home. But all his wishes and regrets could not help him then. As a last resort, when he was sinking for the last time, he turned to God and asked him to save him for Jesus' sake. God heard his silent, sincere prayer away down under the water and took pity on him and saved him for Christ's sake.

It seems that one of the young fellows, taken sick in the water, got out to sit in the boat, and happened to look into the water at the time his friend was sinking for the last time, and saw by the way he was motioning under the water that he was drowning. So he put down his hand and caught him, just in time, by the hair, pulled him up into the boat and saved him. Now kind readers don't you see the hand of Almighty God in this? It was He who made that young man take sick in the water, and made him the instrument of saving his friend. Had not that young man called on God to save him, I really, believe he would now be with the devil and his minions in everlasting Hell.

Oh! my dear friends you have no idea what a great and merciful friend you have in Jesus. He died on the cross to save you, and is always ready to help and advise you in trouble or danger. Always go to him when you are in trouble and ask him to help and advise you. He will always do so if he thinks it is for the best. Always believe and trust in him. You have no friend on earth like Jesus. Your earthly friends can help and advise you in a small way, but He gives you everlasting joy and happiness. They may be your friends to-day, and your worst enemies to-morrow; but Jesus is always your true friend, and bids you through his holy Bible to come unto Him in all your sorrows and troubles.

I sincerely hope the readers of this letter, speaking and hearing as well as the deaf-mutes, will benefit by it, as it is a true story experienced by the writer himself fourteen years ago.

G. F. McIVIN.

Montreal, Ca., Nov. 3, 1877.

A REVERIE.

"If I could only hear." Alone in the gathering twilight, I reflect on words repeated by one who feels her loss most keenly. And there are others, too, I know, who show the same longing, and wonder why it should be so. Alas! this is a question that many have asked but which none of us can ever answer.

Music was the passion of my childhood and I was told that I possessed a very sweet voice.

It seems but yesterday that I knelt at my mother's feet while she taught me to lisp "Our Father," and sat enthralled over some gloomy tale which she repeated in sweet accents, or sung some evening hymn.

Afterwards a darkened room where with hushed footsteps that mother bent over me in speechless agony while I lay suffering and pleading so hard for one more song. She sang, but for me that voice had ceased forever. Years have passed since then. My mother still lives, and it is to her untiring devotion that, though deaf, I am not dumb, but oh! for one short hour to hear her voice again. Why was this? I know not. I only know that my ears were sealed by the hands of the Master, who never errs. God has some wise purpose in all that he does.

Dear friends, deafness is no bar to happiness. We have much to make life beautiful, so much to be thankful for. Think of those who hear and yet see not, whose eyes are closed to

all the beauties of this world, and who see not the faces of their loved ones. For them the sun rises and sets in vain. What a blissful lot ours is compared with theirs. And only think when death calls us across the dark River the first sounds that greet us will proceed from the throne of our God. Therefore let us not waste the best years of our life in useless repining, in idle murmuring, and whatever the future has in store for us let us rise up bravely to meet it, leaving all the rest to Him who has promised that "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

ISOLA.

THE FIRST WORCESTER PRINTER.

As I was reading Caleb A. Willis' History of Worcester, I thought it would give me much pleasure to give an account of the life of Isaiah Thomas, LL. D. It may be interesting to the deaf-mute printers in this country.

Isaiah Thomas, LL. D., who was born January 19, 1749, in Boston, was the youngest child in his father's family. He became an apprentice to the printing trade when he was six years of age. He continued to work with Zachariah Fowle, on old Middle Street, in the provincial town of Boston, till he was seventeen years old. When he began to set type he was so small that he had to stand upon a stool, eighteen inches high, to read his "case." When he graduated from the printing-office, at the early age of seventeen, he went to Nova Scotia, where he edited and printed the *Halifax Gazette*, until his rebellious criticism of the British "stamp act" policy compelled him to leave there. After he had tried his fortunes for a short time in Portsmouth, N. H., Wilmington, N. C., and Charleston, S. C., he went back to Boston, in 1777, at the age of 21, and became a partner with his former proprietor, Mr. Fowle, with whom he began to publish "The Massachusetts Spy," the first number of which, a little sheet seven inches by ten, was issued Tuesday, July 17, 1770. This paper continued to be published every two days for three months, and after this, Thomas soon became sole proprietor, and changed it to a semi-weekly paper, and, March 7, 1771, to a weekly paper with the same name which the paper has borne ever since.

Thomas actively opposed all the overtures made by the friends of the British government to persuade him to conduct the paper in their interest, while there was a progressive controversy between the Whigs and the Tories before the revolution. Then they attempted to force a consent, or to take his press and type away. He had many severe contests with executive authorities, over articles published in criticism of the measures of the government, respecting colonial and individual rights. When the grand juries of Suffolk county did not succeed in indicting him for libel in obeying behests of the Attorney General appointed by the king, the grand juries of the adjoining counties attempted to obtain bills against him, because the paper circulated in those counties; but the fallacy of such a procedure was long persisted in. Some of the British soldiers publicly threatened the publisher of the paper with violence, to omit the malignancy of the Tories. As the contest grew hotter and hotter, during the month of April, 1775, Thomas was obliged to pack up his press and type without the British's knowledge, and sent them over Charles river to Charlestown during the night. Then they were carried to Worcester, from Charlestown, a few days before the battle of Lexington occurred. General Joseph Warren and Colonel Timothy Bigelow helped Thomas get his press and type across Charles river, and start them on the road to Worcester. He remained, himself, in Boston till an early hour on the morning of the battle.

In the night of April 18, 1775, a considerable number of British troops were found to be going in boats on the river near the common, for the purpose of destroying the stores, which the provincials collected at Concord, eighteen miles from Boston. With others, Thomas was engaged in giving the alarm. Early on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, he went over to Charlestown by boat, went to Lexington, and was with the provincial militia, opposing the King's troops. On the 20th he went to Worcester and opened a printing-house with such things as he could get, in addition to the press and type taken from Boston, and again began the publication of his newspaper, which appeared from the press in Worcester for the first time, May 3, 1775. The Provincial Congress of Watertown, at first made a proposition that Thomas' press should be taken to that place; as many things were found inconvenient, it was at last determined that his press should remain at Worcester. At Worcester, he continued to print for Congress until he established a press at Watertown and at Cambridge.

Thomas had been an eye-witness of the battle of Lexington, and he published an account of it in the first paper published at Worcester. The Whigs of Worcester, as early as February previous, asked Thomas to establish a newspaper here, and subscribers to the paper were wanted, so he was partially ready to change his place of business from Boston to Worcester. The first newspaper and printing-office with which he was connected for a number of years was established in Newburyport, Mass., in 1793. He added his business to his printing operations in Boston, Mass., Walpole, N. H., and other places, including the "Farmers' Journal" printing office, which he established in Brookfield, Mass., and which Ebenezer Merriam afterwards continued. At one time Thomas' six-

teen presses were in constant motion under the direction of himself and partners, and he did a larger business in this line than any other person in the United States. Besides this, he sold books, bound books, manufactured paper, and started a paper mill in Quinsigamond village, near this city, in 1794, for his own accommodation. He continued to manage the paper mill for a long time, and Elijah Burbank afterwards carried it on at the present Quinsigamond Irons Works. His publishing business comprised editions of the Bible, of which he issued more copies than any other person of his time, as well as most of the standard historical, geographical, and scientific works of that time. In 1812, the American Antiquarian Society was founded by him, and he presented the society with his own voluminous collections of books and other valuable things. He gave the land, and built the first house on it, for their accommodation, on Summer street, in 1820, at his own expense. He was the first president of the society which he continued to superintend for nineteen years until he died, April 4, 1831, aged 82 years.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by Dartmouth College in 1814, and that of LL. D. by Alleghany College in 1818.

Soon after, on coming to Worcester, November 15, 1775, Dr. Thomas was appointed post-master by his brother printer Benjamin Franklin, who acted as Post Master-General, under the authority of the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia. Thomas continued to act as post-master for over a quarter of a century, until James Wilson was appointed, in 1801. Before the mail stage was introduced, in 1782, but one mail, which was carried on horseback east and west, was sent or received each week. Dr. Thomas began the route north by sending his apprentice, Nathaniel Macarty, to Fitchburg every Wednesday, on which day the *Spy* was published, with letters and papers for that town of the country.

In 1802 Dr. Thomas left his printing business to his son, Isaiah Thomas, Jr., but was not idle, and he afterwards devoted himself almost entirely to his important business matters. The "History of Printing" which he first published in 1810, required years of laborious research.

DANIEL W. CARY.

Worcester, Mass.

A LETTER FROM HOBOKEN, N. J.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I see the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is published chiefly for and about deaf and dumb people, I think a few clippings about deaf-mutes that I picked out of the *Herald*, *Sun*, and other daily papers should be re-printed in your worthy paper.

A few days ago a man entirely naked was seen on the opposite bank of a river. The persons who saw him gave chase, but he disappeared into the depths of the forest and he could not be found. He is supposed to be a mute from the Flint, Mich. Institution, who became insane and ran away. He did not answer the men who hailed him before he ran into the woods.

The following is from the *N. Y. Herald*:

J. Lechuga, the father of the deaf and dumb Cuban boy who disappeared from the St. Joseph Institute, at Throgg's Neck, Westchester county, on yesterday week, reports that he has been unable to obtain any intelligence of him. The boy, who is a handsome little fellow, aged seven years, was dressed in a blue sailor costume, with white trimmings. All his clothes were marked "Stephen Lechuga." Any intelligence of him can be sent to his father, No. 23, Cedar street, or to the ladies of St. Joseph's Institute, Throgg's Neck, Westchester county.

A. B.

N. J., Nov. 6, 1877.

ORGANIZING A NEW CLUB.

At the New York Institution for the deaf and dumb, on Saturday, the 27th of October, an association was organized to be known as "The Metropolitan Athletic Club." This club has twenty-five members, all strong and active boys, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. The officers were unanimously elected, viz: President, Martin Brown, an honorary member of the Resolute Boat Club; Secretary, Wilson Carmichael, Treasurer, John H. Doobs; Executive committee, Adam Milbier, Henry Stengle, Edward J. Halliey and Michael McPaul. W. CARMICHAEL, Secretary.

A DEAF-MUTE INVENTOR.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. Edwin Livingstone, of North Salem, N. H., in this city several times this week. I have seen his invention, and found it very simple and useful. It is a nutmeg grater, and every family should have one, as it saves time and trouble. The *Essex Eagle* says of it:

The Messrs. Livingstone, of North Salem, secured a patent on the 5th of June, 1877, on a device for grating nutmegs, which as a matter of convenience and economy is to become a household necessity. It consists of a box and revolving grate. The nutmeg is put into the box, and a spring conveniently arranged presses the nutmeg upon the grater and holds it until entirely grated up, obviating the necessity of small pieces being wasted, and preventing the use of grated finger nails where nutmegs are used for flavoring. The firm have nearly finished a convenient factory just above the north village, and put in steam power for sawing, turning and drilling. Their orders are now

coming in faster than they can fill them, and next week they intend to put on six or eight more hands. The grater sells at retail for twenty-five cents, and will make a large saving in a short time.

It is a remarkable coincidence that he and his two brothers, Robert D. and Hiram L., have very inventive minds. I will send you the names of deaf-mute inventors by and by.

JOS. TURNER.

POOR MISSOURI!

It would seem a shame to any citizen of Michigan to have to publish to the world the fact that the Legislature of his State refused to appropriate sufficient funds to educate all of her deaf-mute children. Any one of them would boil over with indignation at the outrage. A State rich in mineral wealth, in fertile soil, in fact in all natural resources, and containing in numbers as many, yes, we believe more, inhabitants than Michigan. No less a one than the great and rich State of Missouri! Such is the naked truth. The wealthy Missouri, which has such a desire for the National Capital to be transplanted to its "sacred" soil, is too parsimonious to appropriate sufficient funds to educate its deaf-mute children, and the Superintendent of its Institution is given the humiliating task of publishing in the papers of his State that only so many pupils can be accommodated, and discrimination will be made in favor of those who apply first, and during the school year, in favor of those who make the most progress in their studies. Mr. Kerr, the Supt., also adds very pointedly: "It is sad to think that for want of a sufficient appropriation very many children who ought to be, are deprived of their benefits." What kind of men can compose the Legislature of that State! Have they any humane feelings or any sense of right and wrong? In point of economy, too, it would be better for the State. By educating this class and instructing them in industrial pursuits they are made self-sustaining; not only supporting themselves but their families, thereby saving public and private funds to support them through life. But aside from all pecuniary considerations, it is a duty the State owes its unfortunate children, to see that they are given a good English education. An uneducated deaf-mute is indeed a pitiable spectacle, but a State that refuses to educate this unfortunate person is an unenviable community. The next time the Missouri papers cavil for the removal of the National Capital to that State, they should publish the fact side by side with articles stating the fact that deaf-mute children are allowed to grow up in ignorance in Missouri. It is earnestly to be hoped that the next Legislature will be composed of men, who will look into this matter and not have to publish such humiliating notices throughout her domains.—*Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror*.

Pennsylvania Institution.

A PRIMARY DEPARTMENT ESTABLISHED.—WHAT THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS SAY ABOUT IT.

A venture of faith was made last evening by the Directors of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in this city. There has for a long time been an unamicable, but earnest, contention between those who believe that the sign language is the only means of properly educating the deaf, and those who believe that the vocal organs of the deaf should be exercised and trained to speak, and observation so quickened that the speech of others may be read from their lips. Reports were received last evening from visitors to the day school in Boston, where the deaf assert that they are neither mute nor dumb, and give evidence of the truth of their assertion by engaging in conversation with persons who speak with open lips. Visitors to Northampton also gave favorable reports of the result of the boarding-school there located, in which the sign language has been discarded, and the children instructed to think, not in signs, but in the English language, and to read the lips; and with the help of Bell's system of visible speech, to use their voices intelligibly. This system is now taught in one Pennsylvania institution only with the view of enabling semi-mutes to perpetuate speech. As this instruction is but for half an hour daily, little good can be accomplished. Children are not received in our institution until they enter upon their eleventh year. Two-thirds of the pupils now admitted lost their hearing through scarlet fever, spotted fever, and other virulent diseases. In most cases speech had been discontinued because of the inability of the child to hear, and the natural diffidence and hopelessness springing therefrom. In Massachusetts the city and the State provide day and boarding schools for deaf children from five years old and upwards. The Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution resolved last evening to open a primary department, under the belief that citizens, its Board of Education, and the Legislature will co-operate in supporting so pure a charity. The cost is greater than when children are instructed in the sign language, as the classes are smaller and a longer time is needed. In the Boston day school there are seventy-five pupils. Those who have visited the homes of deaf-mutes in Philadelphia found a very large number under ten years of age, in many instances becoming disheartened and demoralized. This new department will, beyond doubt, cause liberal gifts and bequests to the Penn-

sylvania Institution, for the department that will not make children dumb.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*, Nov. 8th.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, held on Wednesday evening, a preamble and resolution were adopted, in pursuance of which, a primary department will be established including a boarding and day school for children, in which they will be taught to speak and read speech from the lips of others. At present children over ten years of age are received into the institution and instructed through the agency of the sign language. This language is very intelligible to those instructed in it, yet the deaf-mute is unable to hold intercourse with those who have not been instructed like himself. Recent experiments have shown that none of the deaf are mutes, and only become so by the disuse of language. Many of them can acquire the art of speech sufficiently to enable them to hold intercourse on all ordinary subjects. It is believed that at least two-thirds of the deaf are not born so, but have lost their hearing through disease. The preamble adopted, as above referred to, speaks of the success of the day school for the deaf in Boston, and that it is believed that many children under ten years of age would be benefited by the establishment of a school here; therefore, the directors resolve to establish a separate primary department of the institution.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, Nov. 9.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the subject of visible speech was discussed at some length, and the following preamble and resolution unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A day school for the deaf has been fully tested in the city of Boston for the last nine years, with eminent success in teaching the deaf to speak intelligibly and to read from the lips of other speakers; and

Whereas, The Rev. Mr. Style found a large number of deaf children, under ten years of age, who, in his judgment, would be greatly benefited by the establishment of a day school for the deaf; and

Whereas, the States of Massachusetts and New York have found it advantageous to educate deaf children between five and ten years of age, and the State of New Jersey sends children to this institution too young to associate advantageously with the older pupils; and

Resolved, That a separate primary department of this institution be established.

The system known as "visible speech" has been perfected by Dr. Bell, father of the inventor of the telephone. Deaf children between five and six years of age, residing in the State, will in a short time be received into a department where their voices will be trained, and speech taught according to Dr. Bell's method.

There are now in the institution 324 inmates, of whom 186 are boys and 138 girls.—*Philadelphia Ledger*, Nov. 9.

Interesting from the Grape Country.

DEAR EDITOR:—I shipped you a 30 lb. box of grapes this afternoon by American Express. I don't intend to flatter you in presenting grapes, but I want you to eat some fine grapes and to feel happy while so doing.

I wish you had been here during the summer and fall: you would have been surprised to see the immense vineyards in Naples.

New York and Boston are acquainted with our grape merchants. We sell grapes to New York and Boston and other cities. Our grape-growers have about 600 acres, and have sold about 300,000 boxes (two and three lb.) this year. I printed about 170,000 labels myself, and I send you samples of the same.

I worked on shares in Dr. A. Stoddard's vineyard, (two acres), and I tied the vines, killed the weeds, and picked grapes and sent them to Archdeacon & Co., New York, John B. Drake, Boston, and Joe. Milkins & Co., Philadelphia. The two acres made us \$187.00, and I only worked in the vineyard from 22 to 25 days in all.

The mutes in N. Y. and Boston saw the labels on the boxes, printed by myself for A. L. Fessenden, T. W. Seamus, and Morehouse & Co., box-makers.

If you had been in town last September and October you might have eaten many kinds of grapes, and enjoyed looking through the vineyard, but now I send you four kinds—Iona, Diana, Catawba, and Isabella, which are the best to eat. I believe that you and your wife will enjoy them very much.

I am sorry to say that some grape-growers, mostly Dutchmen, are making wine, and your dear readers have lately read the lecture of Mr. W. A. Bond on temperance.

This Fall I think the grape-growers get about \$60,000 when their grapes are all sold. I cannot explain to you much about the grapes here. We sell Diana, Catawba, &c. to New York and to Boston men, for from 6 to 7 1/2 cts. per lb. We send 24 boxes (3 lb.) in one crate, weighing from 70 to 75 lbs. each. Yours truly,

HENRY FESSENDEN.

Naples, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1877.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, thou shalt find it after many days." Patient suffering, quiet doing, does not go unrewarded. The prayers of dying ones are registered in the Book of Life. He who knows the faint breathings of desire, does not pass by regardless of the prayers of the sorrow-stricken wife or the worse than orphaned child.

Not one night had come but what Lilla had prayed for her father; yet she never mentioned his name; no not even to her dear grandma. She went and told Jesus all; not that she had secrets from those she so dearly loved—that was not it, but she could not speak of her shame and her father's degradation to any one. Her nature was too fine, her heart was too tender. Sometimes in her dreams, the image of her sainted mother came before her. Her nurse, or attendant, would arouse her as she would jump up in her little bed, as if to grasp some one's hand. Who knows but even then, in her dreams, the hidden hand of her mother was over her? But when she would dream of her father, her cries would awaken her attendant, and oftentimes it would be hours before she would become composed. Ah, there are realities in sleep, so true, so life-like, that they cast a gloom over our waking hours, and we feel their influence days after. The acute sufferings of life tell on us in sleep, as then we cannot exercise our will powers, and thoughts fly at random through the afflicted and weary brain and we live over other days, other scenes, all, all too true. Dear little one, so sweetly budding into womanhood, the time may come when thy night dreams will be turned into songs of praise. Wait! the Angel of the Covenant bends o'er thy sleeping couch. The Recording Angel, even now, with open book, is registering the name of one who at the marriage altar, before the man of God, solemnly promised before high heaven to love, nourish, cherish and protect. Even thine own dear mother—see; there she stands in glorified form looking intently on, as the name of her William is written in living letters, "Redeemed." Joy! joy again, in the presence of the angels, over another repentant one. Ere long thou shalt clasp to thy heart thine own father, clothed and in his right mind, and precious one, thou wilt not be ashamed of thy father. The choice of thy mother will be thy choice.

Links within links. Look backward reader. Notice that act of Miss Emma that cold frosty morning. What a train of events! From taking care of the little waif, taking her to her own beautiful home—she developing under home culture—a Mission School was established. Many others were brought in. One from that home, Rose had gone to the Flower Garden above—others being taught the way, and yet they come till another home is being built, and will soon be finished and dedicated. Listen to the voices of the little ones at their Sabbath temperance meeting. Those songs of praise reach the ear of the unfortunate one—he is reached through song, enters the place of praise and prayer, does not leave that place till he can sing the song, "I've been redeemed." To mortal eye, the hidden hand is not revealed; to the eye of faith it is, and bending o'er heaven's battlements, thy wife reaches out her hand, and stops thee there and then, while thine ear catches the music, coming from the finger's ends of thy own Lilla, unknown to thee, yet not unknown to thy glorified wife. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Monday morning came. There was a feeling of deep interest on Rev. Mr. Jerome's part for his stranger. So, after breakfast, and attending to duties, he said to Emma, his wife, "I will go out earlier than usual this morning. I wish to look after the new-comer yesterday." "Something tells me," said Mrs. Jerome, "that we shall all be interested in that man. Did you notice his eyes and his noble brow? That man must be cared for. By the way, husband, your mixed-cloth suit I think would about fit him. Go in the carriage, and take it along; if it fits all right; if not, I will see what is next best." "My little wife," said the kind-hearted man; "you are always thinking about things that I should forget. I should have thought of clothes for him before this." So the clothes were packed up, and off the owner of them went. He found the man ill in bed, from the effects of the anguish of the past few hours, and the abandonment of liquor. Yet he

found him firm, resolute, determined to cease forever, and willing to die in his noble effort. His hands trembled; he looked pale and haggard, but the look he gave Mr. Jerome, on his entering his room, caused him to startle. The thought flashed over him; what a noble forehead, what pleasing eyes. Instantly Lilla came into his mind, why, he could not tell; but it was not long before he understood why. The sick man extended his hand, but his heart was so full he could not utter a word, broken down and humbled as he was. He had come to himself, and was thinking of other days, gone, gone, forever gone. After a few words of cheer from Mr. Jerome, spoken in such a home-like manner, he was reassured, and the remark was made, "Last night, dear sir, I dreamed of home, of wife, of Lilla." Then the thought flashed: "This man is Lilla's father." The dead is alive, the lost is found, and from that moment Mr. Jerome, plainly saw the likeness between father and child. He listened, yet did not think it wise to make any communication that might lead the father to suspect that his Lilla was alive or known by him. Then came in the weakness of the thought, "perhaps this man would fall." Ought Lilla to know her father? Ought the father to know his child? Would it not be far better that both should be reaching out for each other, and yet be kept in ignorant suspense? It might have been best to human foresight, but not best in the sight of that One who loveth all. No distinction in that Love. The same Providence who had willed all this, would lead them on. The same hidden hand would be, outstretched till father and child should meet and know each other.

God's ways are not as our ways; his thoughts are not as our thoughts. Mr. Jerome deemed it best, that a judicious physician should prescribe for the sick man. He asked him his name and the answer came, "William G. Parker." Then he knew for the first time what Lilla's name was, but as the Judge or Emma had adopted her she went by the name of Lilla M. Shelby. This physician was an Elder in Rev. Jerome's church, a man who would use judgment in the case, and not give, or order anything to excite the over-taxed nerves. Mr. Jerome called on the Dr. in person, stated the case, and desired all care shown, but did not allude to the circumstances of the case. On his return home he was met by his wife, and the first salutation was, "Hubby, did the clothes fit?" Mr. Jerome explained as best he could by telling his wife the man was ill, and he had been after Dr. Giles. The response was, "what can I prepare him to eat?" So thoughtfully was she of every one's comfort. A thoughtful look came over Mr. Jerome's face. His wife noticed it as she said, "Have you no confidence in the man?" "I have, wife, but it is wonderful." "Why what do you mean?" "Wonderful that God should pluck him as a brand from the burning." "I don't think so any more than I was." Wife, wait, I will tell you why it is wonderful, shortly. Matter enough for Mrs. Jerome. She soon made an excuse to go to the library, and as she went out threw one of her knowing looks, as if to say, "hubby follow me." Mr. Jerome was "hubby follow me." The library door was shut, and Mr. Jerome, without any "firstly's" or "secondly's" proceeded with the subject on hand. "Wife, can you imagine anything about that man? By the way, his name is Wm. G. Parker." "Why, how can I imagine anything about him, hubby? All I know of him is what I witnessed yesterday; that was sad enough—although I felt that we would all be interested in him." "Yes, I will remember you said that. This is why I just asked the question—can you imagine anything about that man? Did you ever find out what our Lilla's name was, wife?" "How you talk. You do not mean to infer that this man is Lilla's father, do you?" "I most certainly mean that, and nothing else, wife." At this juncture there was a pause, a long pause. "Oh if he should claim the child, what would we do?" "Calm yourself wife, I do not intend that either of them shall know of each other at present." Mr. Parker will not, I think, be able to present to leave the house, or even to sit up. A great reaction has taken place in his system, and the wrong of years cannot be so readily righted. At any rate we will commit all to God, and whatever is best for all parties concerned, the Ruler of all things will make right in his own time, and in his own way. In the mean time, not one word must be dropped in the presence of Lilla, or her attendant. Of course father and mother must be informed, at once.

One can imagine the consternation this discovery has made. They all thought her father must be dead. Five years had passed away, and lo, the man is alive—brought within the fold, by the songs of little children, among them his own child Lilla. How true is it that "a little child shall lead them." The protracted illness of Mr. Parker took from him the blemishes of long years of dissipation. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome watched him carefully, as also did Dr. Giles. His faithful attendant, an old colored woman belonging to the Mission Home, often told him of Jesus—"mighty to save." All these things helped him along in the good path. One day Dr. Giles said he could ride out at 11 a. m., and that Rev. Mr. Jerome would call for him at that hour. The nurse helped him to dress; for he was yet too feeble to wait on himself. The suit that Mrs. Jerome had picked out for him was put on, and aunt Jane said they were just the fit, only a little too large, but he would soon grow into them as he was thin caused by his long sickness; aunt Jane knew. When Rev. Mr. Jerome called he was surprised as well as pleased with his looks, and he determined at once to enlist the Judge in his behalf, in order to procure him a position; not a menial one either. They drove a few squares and met the Judge, just as he was crossing the street. Mr. Jerome halted as he said, "Father allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Parker." The Judge tipped his hat, Mr. Parker his, after a few salutations and expressions of pleasure that the invalid was able to ride out, hoping it would be of service to him. They parted, but not before the Judge invited the invalid, as soon as he was able to walk out, to drop into his office, pointing to where it was. Mr. Parker gladly thanked him; for he yet felt his position, and wondered if the Judge knew what a vagrant he had been. Ah, that nobleman, that kind Christian Judge had several times convicted him of drunkenness and sent him up as a vagrant. Yet not one word passed the Judge's lips. Mr. Parker remembered him well, and quietly hoped he did not recognize him. Then came the honest thought: "Now the Judge has invited me to call on him, and so I will, and I will tell him all. I cannot be entertained by him by any deceit of mine. I will not keep back part of the price." A week after this, Mr. Parker felt able to take a short walk. His mind was made up that his first call should be on the Judge. He went, and with extended hands, the Judge met him as he led him to an arm chair, with the words: "Be seated my friend." Mr. Parker felt his cheeks crimsoning with shame, as he said "thank you, sir; but before I take your time will you allow me to tell you who I am? Judge Shelby did not need the reminder. He knew it all, and he knew him by the name of "Ned Taylor." This was a trying moment for Mr. Parker as he said "you probably will know me by the name of 'Ned Taylor.'" He could say no more; from a deep crimson he became deadly pale. The Judge sprang for a glass of cold water, bathed his burning temples; cooled his aching brow and gave him a drink of the cooling beverage as he tenderly said: "no longer 'Ned Taylor' but Mr. Parker—my friend." Then he gave him a cordial welcome, entreating him never to mention it again, but to look on him as a friend, a counsellor, saying that he had in store for him, when a little stronger a good, lucrative position in the mercantile house of one of his best friends. The effort was too much for Mr. Parker, so the Judge ordered his conveyance, took him a short drive and left him at his boarding-house, promising to call on him that evening, and talk over business matters.

Some Facts About the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION PURSUED AND THE NAMES OF THE TEACHERS—TEACHING THE DUMB TO TALK—A BUSY BUT QUIET PLACE.

The Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb is popularly called a benevolent institution. But, strictly speaking, it is no more of a benevolent institution than are the free public schools of the State. It is essentially an educational institution, and the unfortunate class for whose benefit it was founded receive its advantages as a matter of right. It is not an asylum, but a school. Citizens of Indiana are taxed indiscriminately for the support of common schools. The parents of deaf and dumb children pay their pro rata into the common school fund, and their children derive no benefit from it. Hence the idea of an educational institution to be supported by general taxation, wherein the unfortunate class of deaf-mutes might receive the best educational ad-

vantages possible to their condition. And hence the constitution of the State, after providing for the organization and maintenance of common schools, provides, in article ninth, that "it shall be the duty to provide by law for the education of the deaf and dumb," etc. The Institute for the Deaf and Dumb was organized in the year 1844. Its first superintendent was Mr. J. S. Brown, who continued with it for six or eight years, and then removed to Mississippi, where he found a similar institution. He afterwards returned here, however, and was again connected with this institution, and died in Indianapolis. In 1852 the present efficient superintendent, Dr. Thomas MacIntire, became connected with the institution, and the present general plan or system of instruction and management was adopted. Of course at that early day the system was but in its infancy, but from the then small beginnings have grown the present completed plan.

Indiana was the first State to adopt the system of teaching and management pursued in this institution, but some twenty other States have since followed in her footsteps, copying in many instances to the letter the legislative enactments and other regulations which make up the "code of procedure" of the institution. The main idea in the plan is, that they shall receive such instruction as will enable them, other things being equal, to be self-supporting through life.

A Journal reporter visited the institution yesterday, and spent several hours in the different rooms listening to—no, looking at the pupils reciting, watching them at their recreations during recess, and learning many interesting things in regard to the course of instruction, management, etc., of the institution. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the prevailing stillness everywhere throughout the building. Especially is this noticeable in the rooms where the boys are congregated for recreation. One listens in vain for the busy hum that is so observable in the recreation rooms of the public schools. There is the same earnest pouring over books by, mischief-brimming eyes. There are the same little pranks and naughtinesses practiced when the teachers' backs are turned, and the same degree of innocence of countenance assumed when the teachers' eyes turn suddenly upon the mischief-makers. Everything seems just the same as in a public school-room, except the constant stillness. It seems incongruous and unnatural that there should be twenty boys together without noise. The fact is, incongruous and unnatural, and becomes painful when one remembers why it is a fact. Rooms full of lusty, mischief-loving boys, and yet no noise! The feeling of commiseration that bubbles to the surface, however, soon dies away as one studies the happy, intelligent faces about him and sees no signs of discontent or repining. The pupils are indeed deaf and dumb, but they have enough senses left to gather in so much happiness as they move along, that it hinders over in their faces.

Our reporter, in company with Dr. W. H. Latham, a veteran teacher of the institution, visited the different rooms during recreation hours, and observed the manner of imparting instruction. The institution is graded in a manner somewhat similar to our public schools. There are the primary, grammar and academic departments. These are severally divided into different years. It takes a pupil seven years to go through the different grades in course. After completing a full course and graduating, the pupil is entitled to admission to the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, an institution under the patronage of the National Government. A large per cent. of the pupils do not take the full course. Many are withdrawn to assist in labor on the farm, or other vocations of their parents, after four or five years attendance. Probably not more than forty per cent. of the pupils entering the institution complete the full course.

The text books used in the institution in the more advanced classes are similar to those used in ordinary schools and seminaries. The greatest difficulty has been in procuring elementary books adapted to the use of the primary classes. When it is remembered that the English language is a foreign language to the uneducated deaf-mute, this difficulty will be readily understood. In order to meet the difficulty, Dr. W. H. Latham, one of the most experienced teachers in the institution, has been at work for several years upon a series of elementary books, two of which have been published and are now in use in the institution. As an evidence of the thoroughness of Dr. Latham's work, the fact may be mentioned that other similar institutions through-

out the country are rapidly adopting these books.

Recess was announced, and our reporter followed the troops of boys out to their play-ground. Here especially was the absence of noise observable. The boys seemed to be engaged in the usual plays of boys of corresponding ages, but there was none of the cheerful shouting and hallooing and singing, and other vocal accompaniments to their plays that are usually heard when boys are playing together. But a look-on at plays of the deaf-mutes yesterday could scarce refrain from shouting for them, when he saw them enjoying their rollicking fun with as much relish as if they were making the welkin ring with their shouts. The fact was noticeable that the leaf-gathering epidemic, which is so prevalent throughout the city, is raging among the pupils at the institute. A large number of the males, and many of the female pupils, took advantage of the recess to gather leaves. The great variety of trees in the beautiful grounds of the institution afforded those inclined to gather, treasures of brilliant-colored foliage. The ground was covered with leaves, but these did not satisfy the ambition of some of the venturesome boys. They cared only for those that still clung to the topmost branches of the trees. And so, away up among the branches they climbed, though an observer would be impressed with the belief that after all it was the fun of climbing rather than the leaves that attracted the boys into the trees.

ARTICULATION.

After recess our reporter continued his tour through the different rooms of the institution. Probably the most interesting department is that in which "articulation" or "visible speech" is taught. This system consists of "an alphabet which symbolizes the action of the vocal organs in producing sounds. In other words, the eye is taught to read the movements of the vocal organs of a person speaking; the pupil is taught to imitate these movements, and thus after long practice to articulate." The system was invented by A. M. Bell, and introduced in this country by Mr. Granville Bell in the asylum at Hartford. The system is intended especially for the benefit of semi-mutes and the semi-deaf. The superintendent of that institution says of this system, in a recent report:

"The improvement made by the semi-mutes and semi-deaf in articulation has been decided. Visible speech has proved a powerful aid in their instruction. The results obtained are superior to those of former years, by the method of imitation. Many defects in speech, which before were beyond our power to remedy, have been corrected. Certain sounds, which are made in the back part of the mouth and are necessarily obscure, have always been learned by the deaf with great difficulty and uncertainty, if at all, because they have been imperfectly understood. These sounds can be clearly expressed by the symbols, and taught from them. Errors of pronunciation can be readily shown, and the correct pronunciation indicated. The ability of the above-named pupils (semi-mute) to speak has been increased, so that some have learned to read intelligibly, and who spoke with difficulty, begin to talk more freely."

Miss Elizabeth Thatcher, the teacher of articulation in our institution, is most enthusiastic in her belief that this system will prove of incalculable advantage, not only to the semi-deaf and dumb, but also to the deaf-mutes as a class. Our reporter heard a conversation between one of the teachers and a pupil deaf and dumb from birth, and it was almost impossible to believe that the pupil did not hear what was said to her, yet she simply saw what was said to her in the movement of the lips of the teacher.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS.

From Mr. MacIntire, the superintendent, our reporter learned many interesting facts in regard to the institution. There are now in attendance 332 pupils, a larger number than ever before. The institution is entirely full, and it will be impossible to receive more pupils this season. The large increase of deaf persons within a few years past is owing to the prevalence of "spotted fever." The report for last year shows that 107 pupils were deaf from birth, and that the deafness of 115 was caused by spotted fever. This is certainly an interesting fact.

Our reporter met Dr. Kitchen, one of the physicians of the institution, and from him learned that the health of the pupils is remarkably good. He also stated as a remarkable fact that there has never been a death in the institution since its organization.

In addition to the regular studies of the institution there is a manual labor

department, where the pupils are taught different trades, and there are quite a number of former pupils of the institution who are now supporting themselves by working at trades learned at the institution. Others are employed in some of the departments at Washington.

The following are the present officers and teachers of the institution:

Intellectual Department—Superintendent, Thomas MacIntire, A. M.

Instructors—Horace S. Gillet, A. M.; W. H. Latham, A. M., M. D.; Walter W. Angus, A. M.; Sidney J. Vail; William N. Burr, A. M.; Henry C. Hammond, A. M.; John L. Houdyshell; Wm. A. Caldwell; Naomi S. Hiatt; Francis E. Goode; Isabel Gillet; Laura C. Sheridan; Anna Hendricks; Francis MacIntire; Emma Goree. Elizabeth Thatcher, teacher of articulation.

Domestic Department—John M. Kitchen, M. D., physician; Robert N. Todd, M. D., physician; Charles B. Howland, steward; Julia A. Taylor, matron; A. Broadrup, housekeeper.

Manual Labor Department—Herman Richter, master of cabinet shop; James Weaver, master of shoe shop; John Hardin, master of chair shop; Kate Gorman, mistress of tailor shop; John Hack, gardener.—*Indianapolis Paper.*

DOCTOR PIERCE'S
ALTERNATIVE
Golden Medical Discovery
CURES DISEASES OF THE
THROAT, LUNGS, LIVER & BLOOD.
It is the only medicine to which the afflicted are now directed for relief, the discovery he has made has combined in harmony more of Nature's curative powers than any other medicine, and it is the only one which has been so long and so successfully used. It cures all the diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver & Blood, and the early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical world by its rapidity and its power to cure the most obstinate cases of these diseases. It is the only medicine to which the afflicted are now directed for relief, the discovery he has made has combined in harmony more of Nature's curative powers than any other medicine, and it is the only one which has been so long and so successfully used. It cures all the diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver & Blood, and the early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical world by its rapidity and its power to cure the most obstinate cases of these diseases. 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